PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1889.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Pen Pictures of the Contestants in the Speakership Fight.

REED'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

Gossip About McKinley, Cannon, Henderson and Burrows.

HOW THE LADIES ARE INTERESTED

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, November 30. COLDERE CENT felt dur-

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flows from the tongues of Mckinley and Burrows, and Henderson and Cannon are moving about the hotels smiling on friends and enemies alike, with all the enthusiasm of a cat chewing wax. Promises are plentier than blackberries in August, and committeeships are being arranged on the basis of the successful contestant.

Who will it be? This is where the lack of light comes in. I don't pretend to say. I give you pen pictures of all of them. You get the lot for a nickel. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Major McKinley, of Ohio, is one of the finest looking men in Congress. Five feet seven inches in beight, he is as straight as Michael Angelo's statue of David, and a line dropped from the crown of his jet black head would just touch the heels of his pol-ished boots. Broad-shouldered and well padded his form would serve as a model for the Washington Athletic Club, and his classic, smooth-shaven face would not be out of place among the signers of the Declara-tion of Independence in the painting which



Thomas Reed.

hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol. Major McKinley undoubtedly looks like Napoleon Bonsparte, though he once told me that he did not like to be reminded of the resemblance. He has the same grave, dignified mouth, the same high, broad and full forehead, and the same heavy lower jaw. He is a better looking man than was Napoleon, and his bright, dark eyes shine out under brows which are less heavy than those of Bonaparte, and his frown is by no means so terrible as that of the Little Corporal. He appreciates, however, the value of dignity, always dresses in a doublebreasted frock cost, and crowns his classic

head with a tall silk hat.

He generally walks up to the Capitol, and as he goes along with his chest to the front and his tall hat in the air, he is one of the striking figures on Pennsylvania avenue. It was during such a walk that I once passed him in the street car, in com-pany with two Maryland Congressmen. These men were free-traders, and they naturally disliked McKinley. As we went by him, one of them pointed to the street and said in a most significant tone: "Some men are born great, and some are born—in Ohio."

The other two Congressmen laughed and said, "just so," and the two continued to giggle over the remark for the next three

THE OHIO MAN. McKinley was born in Ohio, and he made Michinies was born in Ohio. and he made his first speech one cold February morning just forty-five years ago. Whether born great or not, he has succeeded in making himself so in the eyes of the people. He is, not a man of extraordinary natural ability, but he is possessed of the genius of common sense. He knows how to take advantage of a good opportunity, and he never makes a minute. He does not apreched the in Common sense. mistake. He does not speak often in Con-gress, and his speeches cover but few subjects. He prepares himself well, however, and when he does rise the House and the country know that he has something to sav. He is well posted on the rules of the House and he would make a good Speaker. His election might be looked upon as a declara-His quarters here are not far from those of the country that the Republican party proposed to run its campaign on the protective tariff basis, and he would be just the opposite of the former Speaker, Mr. Carliale. He would in many ways make a much better Speaker than Mr. Reed, and he party could much easier spare him from he floor than the bright-eyed, vitriolengued genius from Maine.

Tom Reed is a genius. His brain weighs

His quarters here are not far from those of the form those of the Hon, Joe Cannon, who is making a lively fight for the Speakership, and who thinks he will get it. Cannon is as unconventional in his appearance and habits as Reed, but he is an entirely different kind of man. Of medium height, he is lean and wiry, and his fair, rosy face, with a pair of bright blue eyes, looks out from under a alouch hat, which he pulls down over it. Ha is a Westerner in appearance, and, like

man in Congress can get off in the compass of an hour. He knows what he knows, too, and he is not afraid to say it. He has the same confidence in himself now as he had when he was a boy teaching school and applying for admission to the bar in California. Tom Reed tells the story himself. fornia. Tom Reed tells the story himself. His admission occurred at the time when the constitutionality of the legal tender act was being discussed by the greatest lawyers of the State of California. "The first question the Judge asked me," says Reed, "was: 'Is the legal tender act constitutional or unconstitutional?" I didn't hesitate a moment, but I replied cooly and emphatically, 'It is constitutional.' This ended my questioning. 'You can pass,' said the Judge. 'We always pass a man who can settle great conalways pass a man who can settle great con-stitutional questions off-hand."" Tom Reed has been settling constitutional questions from that day to this. He settled his cases well enough to make a success as a lawyer, and his self-confidence, added to his remark-able ability, has made him the Republican leader of Congress. ing his rst six

REED A GOOD LEADER. No one disputes Reed's leadership. Mc-Kinley, Cannon, Henderson and Burrows all follow him, and when the fight is on in



the House it is Reed who watches for and is prepared for every surprise. His long term in Congress has amply fitted him for the position. He is posted on all public questions, and his reading has covered nearly every field of knowledge. He is a fine French scholar, and his Shakespeare is better thumbed than his Bible, though he knows the latter well. He has an analytic mind, and when he gets hold of a fact it drops into one of the little pigeon holes of his brain, ready to slide off his slippery tongue at a second's notice. He has the bump of humor the latter well. He has an analytic mind, and when he gets hold of a fact it drops into one of the little pigeon holes of his brain, ready to slide off his slippery tongue at a second's notice. He has the bump of humor largely developed, and he can't resist saying a sarcastic thing even if it does cut the man at whom it is directed. It is this element of his intellectual nature that hurt him in his candidacy for the Speakers hurt him in his candidacy for the Speakers.

The two other candidates for the Speakers and when he gets hold of a fact it drops into the so-called higher may be and often is in the so-called higher trans, where money reigns supreme, for money will buy nearly everything and of this sublime creature, but at the ship are Henderson, of Lowa, and Burrows, of Michigan, They are both reaching out they have a so funny," smiled the jolly passenger as he left a Tenth street car at the last minute. Burrows and Henderson at whom it is directed. It is this element of his intellectual nature that will hurt him in his candidacy for the Speakers hurt him in his candidacy for the Speakers have a count of the sublime creature, but at the surface of the sublime creature, but at the surface of this sublime creature, but at the surface of this in the so-called higher money reigns supreme, for money will buy nearly everything and of the curse of thy father, and the hand of the surface that it does cut the ship are money reigns supreme, for money will buy nearly everything and the surface of this sublime creature, but at the ship are the damsel who leaded to be the Lord, and the damsel who lead the poles with God. It was so funny," smiled the jolly passenger as he left a Tenth street car at the with God. It was so funny," smiled the jolly passenger as he left a Tenth street car at the with God. It was so funny," smiled the jolly passenger as he left a Tenth street car at the with God. It was so funny," smiled the jolly passenger as he left a Tenth street car at the with God. It was so funny," smiled the jolly pas ship. Many of the sharp things he has said in the past are remembered now, and some of these have lost him votes and friends.

Tom Reed looks anything but the tradi-

tional leader. He has the frame of a Japa-nese wrestler, and his head might serve for that of a Chinese giant. He is fat and tall, and his big-boned body is padded at every point with muscular flesh. I have never seen him strike, but his fist, under John Sullivan's training, would fell an ox; and he has a foot which would make him one of the greatest football players of the world. His face is broad, fair, and fat; the cheeks puff out, and a pair of small, half-almond eyes shine like diamonds under a broad forehead, which goes on and on upward with the color of until it fades away into a fuzzy baldness about three inches in front of Reed's crown. Reed's mouth is a strong one, and he has a straggling red mustache on his upper lip containing about enough bristles to make a camel's hair brush. Reed's hair is thickest at the sides and at the back. It is not lux-uriant at any place, and he combs the sandy locks well up and back of his ears, so that the ends of them just touch the collar of his coat. This big, round head is pasted down upon Reed's broad, fat shoulders with a fat, wafer-like neck, and when Reed sits in his chair in the House, with his hands up under his chin and elbows leaning on his desk you wonder whether he has any neck at all, and you can hardly imagine him to be the greatest man among all the

members surrounding him.

Let a discussion come up and you wonder no longer. Reed's eyes begin to twinkle, a queer smile hovers around that big mouth, and a moment later you see him throw his six feet into the arena of debate, and, in a sharp nasal twang, he pours sarcasm and argument out at triend and foe. As he goes on with his speech his cheeks change from white to red, his semi-bald pate becomes the color of a boiled lobster, and he gestures



violently with his arms, emphasizing every sentence with a shake of his head. He cares but little for appearances, and during the quieter part of the session he walks about the House with his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to tell a story to a crowd of brother members, and making laughter wherever he goes. He is always laughter wherever he goes. He is always ready with a story or a speech. He never writes out his speeches for the Record, and seldom corrects the proof of them as taken down by the stenographers. He can make as good an after-dinner speech as a Congressional one, and he enjoys the good things of this life as well as any other man in Congress.

JOLLY JOE CANNON. His quarters here are not far from those of

more than that of any other man in public life, and it is of the finest intellectual texture. He can say more bright things in and is seldom seen without a cigar in his the space of ten minutes than any other mouth, the end of which is always well



been his custom to take a horseback ride every day during his stay in Washington.
Mr. Cannon is now 53 years of age, and he has been in Congress for the last 16 years.
He has always held a good position on the floor, and he is noted as a fighter. His flooring at the state of the floor, and he is noted as a fighter. His favorite attitude in speaking is with one foot on the chair nearest him. Then leaning over he shoot his words at the rate of 200 a minute at the opposite side of the House, gesturing as he does so by shaking his finger at the Democracy, and by now and then violently throwing his hand at them. He is a good speaker, is well posted on the rules, and he has many friends. There is nothing saobbish about him, and everyone knows him as Joe Cannon.

knows him as Joe Cannon. Mr. Cannon has not as many enemies as Reed, though he is by no means so mealy-mouthed as one of his Illinois constituents.
Mr. Cannon told the story of this man the other day. When talking about the habit of "taffy-giving," which so largely prevails at Washington, he said: "I have in my district out in Illinois a man who ought to have been a Washington society woman. He has smoke, and enjoys the smell of his cigar, while Mrs. Smith detests tobacco, and the a good thing to say about every man and everything, and he comes in especially strong at funerals. I will call him Jones for short. There is never a funeral in the county but that Jones is there, and in talking about the virtues of the deceased there is no praise so profuse nor tongue so glib as Jones'. He can find virtues in the worst of reprobates after they are dead, and he is packed full of the milk of human kindness from the bottom of his flat cowhide boots to the top of his bald crown. This peculiarity of his has become a matter of county talk, and two young fellows of Danville made a bet upon the death of a reprobate of the county that Jones could not find anything good to say about him. This man seemed to be altogether bad; he had been a worthless, good-for-nothing, lazy fellow during his whole life, and he was one of those idiosyncrasies of nature which seemed to have no good in them. At the time of the funeral the young fellows making the bet stationed themselves in the window near which the procession going by the coffin must pass, and waited for Jones. He came along in good time with his handkerchief in his hand. He stopped the procession as he stood beside the coffin and looked down on the reprobate's face long and earnestly. At last with a sigh he exclaimed:

"Well, anyway, he had good teeth!"

HENDERSON AND BURBOWS. and a large part of their capital lies in the open-handed, hail-fellow, well-met style possessed by each. Burrows is a Pennsyl-vanian by birth, and a Michigander by adoption. He has been in Congress from Michigan for ten years, and he thinks the sun rises and sets in the Northwest. He is a man of more than ordinary ability; is a good speaker and a good stumper, and I am told that in the campaign which he has just finished in Virginia has made him very popular with the Republican element of that State. He talked to the people of the back counties as though he were teaching a kindergarten, and gave them their first

plain understanding of the tariff.
General David Brenner Henderson is a Scotchman, who was brought to Illinois at the age of 6 years, and got his education in Iowa. He was only an ordinary member of Congress until about three years ago, when he made a great hit in his detense of Colonel W. W. Dudley as Pension Commissioner. Henderson does not look unlike Dudley; he has the same dark hair combed up from a high forehead, the same dark complexion which turns to the color of the moss rose as he talks, and the same half-limp walk, due to the wooden leg replacing that which he, like Dudley, lost on the battlefield. Henderson is a good speaker, he gestures well, and has lungs equal to those of the famed bull of Bashan. He is a lawyer by profession, and he lives at Dubuque. He is one of the handsome men of the House, and one of the well-dressed members. He wears slouch hat and a cutaway coat, and notwithstanding his wooden leg he walks well without crutches. He is a man of great in-

dustry and unlimited ambition.

THE CANDIDATE'S WIVES. All of the Speakership caudidates are married. Mrs. Reed is a finely educated woman, and the daughter of the Rev. S. H. Merrill, one of the noted Congregational preachers of Maine. She is of medium height and has dark hair and eyes. She is possessed of much social ability, and she will be a fit leader for the ladies of the Congressional circle. Mrs. McKinley has not been able to go into society for some years on account of her health. She is a very pretty woman, and is, like her husband, of Ohio birth. Her father was one of the oldest newspaper men of that State, and the founder of the Canton Repository. Mrs. Cannon also comes from Ohio. She is noted as a society leader, and she will bring to her sid two daughters, who are very well educated as well as very pretty. Mrs. Bur-rows met her husband when the two were at school together. It was a case of love at FRANK G. CABPENTER.

SELF CONCEIT MADE SILLY.

The Man Who Got to be Brigadier General Taken Down a Peg.

Youth's Companion.] It is not easy to tell a self-conceited man how he is regarded, but now and then someone proves equal to the task. During the Civil War a man, great in his

own eves, was, by some influence, appointed a Brigadier General. His sense of his own importance was at once greatly increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his new dignity. Meeting a "home-spun" Yankee one day he accosted him thus:

"Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed Brigadier General?"
"Yes," said Jim, "I heerd so."
"Well, what do folks say about it?"

WOMAN'S IDEAL MAN.

Mary J. Holmes on the Qualities in Men Most Prized by Women.

LADIES' LIKES AND DISLIKES. Things Which Make Married Life a Foretaste of Paradise.

A YOUNG GIRL'S OPINION OF THE MEN

(WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) I have been asked to give my opinion as to what qualities or actions of men are most pleasing to women and most conducive to their happiness. If there were but one woman in the world, and I were that woman, I could answer the question easily, for I know exactly what pleases me in a man and could tell it in a few words. But the name of woman is legion, and every change as years go by, until, seen in the the spectacles which more sober autumn

our shattered idol are not worth the picking up.

When Mrs. Jones, in her early girlhood, married Mr. Jones, she thought him the one man in all the world who could make her happy, and his roughness and swagger and coarse good-humor pleased and amused her, for there was in her nature something which responded to his. But, given the same advantages, women polish sooner than men, and are quicker to adopt the little customs of politeness and refinement, and although Mrs. Jones is not yet so refined that she cannot enjoy herself, she has learned to blush at her husband's roughness, and shivers at his coarse, loud talk.

Mrs. Brown likes to have her husband or coarse idea which yield to New-castle its supply of coal, the rate of production has reached its maximum.

Within the last four or five years there has been a falling off in the amount of coal mined. At the average rate of increased production during the last 22 years the available supply of the Newcastle district would be exhausted in about 94 years. The coal field of South Wales comes in productiveness. Its yield last year was 26,000,000 tons. This represents about 5,381 acres of a four-foot thick coal seam. The supply of the South Wales basin is computed at one-third of the whole supply of the United Kngdom. At the rate of production for the last four or five years there has been a falling off in the amount of coal mined. At the average rate of increased production during the last 22 years the available supply of the Newcastle district would be exhausted in about 94 years. The coal field of South Wales comes in production during the last 22 years the available supply of the Newcastle district would be exhausted in about 94 years. The coal field of South Wales comes in production during the last 22 years the available supply of the Newcastle district would be exhausted in about 94 years. The coal field of South Wales comes in production during the last 22 years the available supply of the Newcastle district would be exhausted in about 94 years. The coal field

Mrs. Brown likes to have her husband smoke, and enjoys the smell of his cigar, while Mrs. Smith detests tobacco, and the smell of a cigar makes her sick. Mrs. Wilkes likes her husband to dine at his club, because it gives her more liberty to gossip and visit, while Mrs. Tubbs cries if she is left to dine alone. And so one might multiply the list of women whom the minor actions and habits of their husbands make happy or miserable.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE. But it is not altogether with the Mrs. Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses that this article has to do; nor yet with that class of women who married the man they knew to be a drunkard, saying, as did a young girl of my acquaintance, that they would marry him if they knew he would be brought home every week in a state of intoxication. That, I suppose, is love; but of the kind of which I know nothing from personal experience. I could not marry a man who drank, or gambled, or swore, or made vile remarks about women, holding them all as low as himself, or who had not as much or more brain than myself. Still, there are plenty of girls who cau and do marry just such men and seem reasonably content. men and seem reasonably content.

And thus the puzzle grows as to the quality in men most prized by the better class of women, for I do not call her of the better class who willingly and knowingly promises to love and honor a fool, or a roue, or a swearer, or a gambler, or a drunkard. She may be and often is in the so-called higher

To judge others by one's self is said to be several women with regard to their likes and dislikes in husbands, real or prospective. I asked a young girl with positive opinions what trait she would like best in her husband, if she had one, and her answer was prompt and to the point: "I'd want him to have a mind of his own, and not be bossed round by his wife!"

WHAT THE GIRLS WANT. The reply was startling, but had in it a ring of common sense and truth, for much as a woman may like to boss her husband, and pleasing as the recreation may be, she would in her heart respect him more if he sometimes took the reins in his own hands, even if he upset the matrimonial car, or drove it into a domestic ovelone.

I ssked another girl, with no positive opinions, and her answer was characteristic: "A man is a man any way, full of corners and quirks and cranks. But we all have to have one, I suppose, and so it does not matter much, if he is only nice, and let us have our own way.'

Another, a frivolous butterfly, would like handsome man, who stands six feet in his boots, and can dance without stepping on her train, and making a guy of himself. The girl has yet to learn that a dancing man and a handsome man is not a man to be desired, and that the plainest leatures and most awkward manners, if they go hand in hand with kindness of heart and a soul of honor and integrity, are worth far more than a Turveydrop and a handsome face, which, in a man, seldom fails to be in-

Another would be satisfied with a man of high position, whom the world delighted to honor, the reporters to interview, and the people to stare at and point out, while she, as his wife, shone in his reflected light. Does not that girl know that such men rarely have time to give to their wives, and do not think of those little every-day at-tentions which are to a true, loyal woman what the dew is to the flowers, and without which love will wear itself out in hot rebellion against the ambition and its fruition which have come between itself and hap-

piness?

Another wants a learned man, who has read so much and knows so much that when he speaks words of wisdom drop from his lips like raindrops in a summer shower. All this sounds very fine, or would, if the man of crudition ever talked to her or to anyone else; but bookworms, as a rule, are reticent first sight, and Julius Casar married her as and self-absorbed, and in their abstraction first sight, and Julius Cæsar married her as soon as he came out of the army. Mrs. Burrows is tall and slender; she has sparkling eyes and a rosy complexion. She is fond of society and society is fond of her. The same may be said of Mrs. Henderson, who is a pretty entertaining Iowa lady; and, however the fight for the gavel ends, it is certain that the House social circle will not lack an accomplished leader.

Frank G. Carpenter. genial ways, she would have liked him more and been happier with him had he found time for those little attentions and courtesies which women prize, and which keep love fresh and young down to a ripe

A THOROUGH GENTLEMAN.

Said a sad-eyed woman, whose husband Said a sad-eyed woman, whose historia had been dead for years: "He was a gentle-man in every respect, but I loved him most for his kindness and thoughtfulness, which never allowed him to forget that I was his wife and always made me feel that I was as dear to him as the first day he called me by that name." And she, I think, sounded the keynote of

And she, I think, sounded the keynote of the whole matter. A woman who is worthy to be the wife of a good man likes to know that, however learned, or wise, or great, or busy he may be, there is still in his heart a spot where she reigns supreme, and from which neither business, nor greatness, nor fame, nor learning can dislodge her; that she is his queen, to whom he pays homage, whose presence he recognizes and whose absence he deplores. She may be proud of his talents, proud of his name, and proud of his looks, but if to these he adds neglect I about five minutes. Puck.

of herself, whether intentionally or not, there must always be a hidden pain-a want

there must always be a hidden pain—a want of something withheld, marring what might otherwise have been perfect.

If I were a man—and how many changes have recently been rung up on that if—I would treat my wife with every possible attention and kindness and courtesy, and the older she grew the more attentive I would be to her, for in this way, I believe, I could make her happy, even if I were neither rich, nor learned, nor famous, nor the perfect Adonis so many young girls are expecting for a husband. As grains of sand make the mighty desert, so little every-day deeds of kindness or unkindness mar or make the sum of human happiness, and he or she who is most thoughtful, most kind, most forbearing and unselfish, does the most toward making married life what God meant it to be—a foretaste of paradise. be-a foretaste of paradise.

MARY J. HOLMES.

ENGLAND'S COAL SUPPLY.

A Decrease in the Production of the Past

Youth's Companion, I A paper read before the Royal Statistical Society in February last, and printed in woman has her own ideas, and these ideas | Engineering, contains statements of interest to readers here as well as in the Old World. full glare of our summer life, or through | A coal commission was established in 1871. Since that time statistics have been accuputs on, the man who, in our spring time, mulating, and it is from these that concluwas our ideal of all a man should be, falls sions are drawn. It appears that in the from his high pedestal, and the pieces of northern coal fields which yield to New-

of production for the last quarter of a century, this basin will last for 79 years.

Two-thirds of the South Wales coal supply is obtained from Glamorganshire. If the production from this eastern portion of the coal basis of the statement of the coal basis of the coal basis. of the coal basin continues to increase at the average rate of the last 24 years, it is shown that the whole available supply will be worked out before 60 years have passed.

Nearly one-third of the coal produced in the United Kingdom is consumed in reducing ores and in converting iron into steel. The processes of Bessemer, Siemens, and other inventors have effected great saving in this direction.

The consumption of coal on steamers and locomotive engines has been greatly lessened by the use of compound engines. But with

by the use of compound engines. But with all this economy the amount of coal used all this economy the amount of coal used by ocean-going steamers in 1887 was about 7,000,000 tons. That used by steamers in the coasting trade is reckoned at an equal amount, and the locomotive engines of England need nearly as much. As the commercial and industrial prosperity of England depends directly upon her coal supply, one cannot see this dwindle and disappear without a thought of the misery which its want will occasion. It will do no harm for the people of this country, as well, to have a care for the natural resources upon which our future industries must de-

GIVEN AWAY BY A PARROT.

A Would-be Cheat Exposed by the Bird's

weighed an even 200 each, and besides carried two big valises and a parrot. They righteous judgment, but is not always a safe rule to follow in drawing conclusions, and since thinking of this article I have sounded gazed at the bird as it afraid that his tongue would break loose. It did after a while, but it served the woman When the conductor made his way through the standing crowd and presented his hand for a fare the largest of the sisters handed him a silver dollar. The knight of the punch extracted 5 cents

from the Bland and returned 95 cents in change to the passenger.

"Then he applied to the other one for fare, and his Galway whiskers turned a brighter hue when she coolly said: 'My sister paid for me.' In vain he argued and protested against two people occupying three seats for one fare. As he turned despairingly away his parrotship, who had been fidgeting in his cage electrified the car by shouting, 'Mary, you're a dead beat. It was too much. The women retreated, parrot and all, and as the smiles of the conductor and passengers fol-lowed them an acquaintance said: 'One of

cause they're always snapping at each WHAT A SEA COW IS LIKE.

the sisters taught the bird that sentence be-

A Strange Animal That Lives in the Rivers of Biorida.

New York Times.1 On my first trip up the Manatee river I fully expected to see a manatee, or sea cow, raise her big-horned head out of the black water and bellow a warning at us. The name leads one to look for a great creature with the hairy skin of a cow, with horns and a frisking tail, a terrible animal big enough to swallow the boat and all its contents, wading along the shallow shore per-haps and nibbling at grass and bushes. But the sea cow of reality is a very different thing from the sea cow of imagination. There was little danger of seeing one of any sort, for it is years since the last one was taken in the Manatee river, except one solitary specimen that was considered rare enough to be taken out to the semi-tropical exhibition at Jacksonville. I saw it there, and now my idea of the sea cow is clearer.

It does not roam about the country bellowing and swallowing whole sheep; it has no hair and no horns, nor hoofs, nor angry tail. In appearance it is no more like a cow than it is like a chicken, and its name comes not from its shape, but from its habit of living on grass and green vegetables, in-

Lubrication.

田田

Mr. Megrim—Apple-jackin' these axles, If th' stuff makes them wheels go th' way it did my head last night, I'll sit t' town in

JOSHUA

A STORY OF EGYPTIAN-ISRAELITISH LIFE.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS.

Author of "Uarda," "An Egyptian Princess," Etc. (NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.) hastily explained, greet his father and request him to call a meeting of the elders.

But before he had done speaking the quarreling herdsmen came crowding round. Hur that he might decide what place in the procession it behooved each tribe to take; so he went with them; and as soon as Miriam found herself aloue with the soldier she said beneechingly, but in a low voice and with imploring eyes:

"A hasty deed has broken the bonds that united us, but a higher tie still holds us together. As I have given up that which my heart held dearest, to be faithful to my God and my people, so do thou sacrifice that to which thy soul clings. Obey the Most High, who hath named thee Joshua! This hour hath changed our gladness to bitter grief; may the good of the people be its fruit! Bemain a true son of the race which gave thee thy father and mother, and be what the Lord hath called thee to be, a captain of His people.



REATHLESS with suspense she gazed at the vision; and yet she would gladly have closed her eyes to avoid seeing it, and have shut her ears to the voice of the murmuring sycamore. Suddenly the glory was extinct, the figure had vanished, the voice of the leaves was hushed; she saw before her, in a ruddier glow, the figure of the only man whose lips her own

figure of the only man whose lips her own had ever kissed, sword in hand, rushing on an invisible fee at the head of his father's herdsmen. The vision came and was gone as swiftly as a flash of lightning; and yet, even before it had vanished, she knew all it meant to her. This man, whom she had named Joshua and who had every quality that could fit him to be the guardian and leader of his people, should not be led astray by love from the high task to which the Lord had called him. None among the Hebrews should hear the message he had brought, and thereby be turned away from the perilous path on which they had entered. Her duty was now as clear in her sight as the vanished vision had been. And as though the Most High would fain show her that she had underwould fain show her that she had under-stood rightly what the vision demanded of her, before she haderisen from her knees to announce to Joshua the sorrow to which she had condemned him and herself, she heard Hur's voice close at hand bidding the crowd, which was gathering from all sides, to form in order for their march. The way of salvation from herself lay be-

in which the Egyptian lets his promises fly to the four winds, thou wilt see thy people more gruelly oppressed than even heretofore, and when they turn aside from the God of their fathers to worship the gods with the heads of beasts, the curse of thy father shall fall upon thee. The wrath of the Most High shall be visited upon the froward, and despair shall be the lot of him who shall lead the foolish folk astray after that the Lord hath chosen him to be the captain of His people. I, a weak woman, the handmaid of the Lord, and the damsel who loved thee better than life—I ery unto thee, Beware of the curse of thy father, and the hand of the Lord! Beware leat thou lead the people into sin!" Joshua, meanwhile, had not ventured to intrude on her devotions. He was wounded and angered to the depths of his soul by her rejection. But gazing down on her he had seen her tall frame shiver as with a sudden chill, her eyes and hands uplifted as if spell-bound; and he had understood that spell-bound; and he had understood that something great and sacred was stirring in her soul which it would be a crime to disturb; nay, he had been unable to resist an instinctive feeling that he was a bold man who could desire a woman so closely one with God. It would be bliss, indeed, to be lord of this sublime creature, but at the same time hard to see her prefer another, though it were the Almighty so far above

throng, she rose, and turning to him, spot these vehament words: "I have spoken with the Lord, Joshus,



"I am after all but a weak woman."
Then she went toward the house, but after walking a few steps she turned round, signed to Joshua, and said:

elders together."

But he shook his head in denial, and, as

to go to the camp, where his horse had been fed and watered, but she called after him: "One last word. Moses left a letter for you in the hollow of the tree." At this the

warrior went to the sycamore and read the message which the man of God had left for

"Be steadfast and strong," was the brief

and I know His will. Dost thou remembe

and I know His will. Dost thou remember the words with which God called thee?"
He bowed his head and she went on:
"It is well. Then learn now what it is that the Most High God hath said to thy father, and to Moses, and to me. He will lead us forth from the land of Egypt, far, far away, to a land where neither Pharaoh nor his rulers shall have dominion over us, and He alone will be our king. This is His will, and if thou desire to serve Him thou will, and if thou desire to serve Him thou shalt follow us, and, if we have need to fight, be captain over the men of our peo-

At this he beat his breast and cried in great trouble: "I am bound by an oath to return home to Tanis to tell Pharaoh how the leaders of the Hebrews have received the message which I have brought them. Yes, and eyen if it should break my heart I cannot be forsworn."

"And rather shall mine break," Miriam moaned, than I break my vow to the Lord. We have chosen. And here, in the presence of the break of the break stress all the time.

of this heap of stones, all the ties are cut which ever bound us!".

At this he was beside himself; he eagerly strove to take her hand, but she repulsed him with an imperious gesture, turned away and went forward towards the throng of

people who were crowding round the well with the cattle and sheep.

Great and small respectfully made way for her as she walked with proud dignity towards Hur, twho was giving orders to the shepherds. He came to meet her, and when he had heard the promise she made him in an undertone, he laid his hand on her headand said with grave solemnity: "May the Lord bless our union."

bless our union."

Then, hand in hand with the gray-haired man to whom she had plighted her troth, Miriam turned to meet Joshus, and nothing betrayed the deep agitation of her soul but the fluttering rise and fall of her bosom, though her cheeks were indeed pale; hereyes were thry, and her demeanor as unbending as ever.

She left it to Hur to tell the lover whom she had rejected, now and forever, what she had done; and when the warrior heard it he started back as though a guif had yawned at

His lips were bloodless as he gazed at the unequally matched pair. Scornful laughter seemed to him the only fit asswer for such an announcement, but Miriam's earnest face

aim in life, and, besides this, he had the assurance that he might hold himself as worthy as Hur or as any other man. None could depose him from this high place but the glorious twain to whom he would dedicate his blood and his life. His God and his people.

He was amazed to discers how greatly this new orthogiasm cost into the world.

He was amased to discern how greatly this new enthusiasm cast into the shade everything else that stirred in his breast. Now and sgain, indeed, he bowed his bead in sorrow as he remembered his old father; still, he had done right in setting saide his longing to press him once more to his heart. The old man would scarcely have understood his motives, and it was better for them to



open dissension.

Sometimes it seemed to him as though all that had happened could be but a dream; and as he was still intoxicated, as it were, by the agitations of the last few hours, his stalwart frame was but little conacious of the fatigues he had gone through. At a well-known inn on the road, where he found well-known inn on the road, where he found well-known inn on the road, where he found several warriors, and among them certain captains well known to him, he at length allowed himself and his horse to rest and eat; and as he rode on, refreshed, daily life asserted its rights. He passed various companies of soldiers on the way to the city of Tania, and was informed that they were usder orders to join themselves there to the troops which he himself had brought home from Libya.

troops which he himself had brought home from Libys.

At last he rode into the town, and as he went past the temple of Amon he heard loud wailing, though he had learned on his way that the pestilence was well nigh at an end. From many signs he gathered the fact which was presently announced to him by some guards, the god's high priess and first prophet, Ruie, had just died in the 20th year of his age, and Baie, the second prophet, who had so warmly assured him of his friendship and gratitude, and who counted on his co-operation in a daugerous enterprise, was his successor—high priest and judge, seal bearer and treasurer; in short, the most powerful man in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XVII.

as five days later, he, with 40 fellow suffer-ers, was led through the triumphal arch of Tanis toward the East.

Their destination was the mines on the eninsula of Sinal, where fresh-forced la-

The smile on the victim's face som yanshed; then he drew up his muscular for while his bearded lips muttered the worthan the woman whose opposition moved thee to anger renounce thine own will for the sake of the multitude of thy bruthren. Lay thine hand on this heap and swear



was the man he threa panion was Ephraim, demned to share his fate

A series of frightful ht

effect upon Ephraim; but when a faw minutes later a chariot, shaded by an umbrell drove past the gang, and in it, behind it chariother and a matron, steed an elegacyonag woman, he turned round quickly an gazed after the vehicle with specialing eye until the dust on the read hid it from also The lady was thickly velled, yet youth thought that he had recognized he for whose sake he had rashed into paril, as whose lightest sign he would even new to obey. And Ephraim had guessed as rectly, for the young lady in the charwas Kasana, the daughter of the Caplain the authors; the sider woman was her num. On reaching a little temple on the rosness a thicket of acadea, among which are chariot had left the prisoners at some distance behind, Kasana begged the matros wait. Then, apringing out lightly on road, she walked to and fro with a bow head under the shadew of the trees until a knew by a rolling cloud of dust that the riminals were approaching.

Then, taking out of her garment see gold rings which she had brought with he for the purpose, she went up to the drive of the melaucholy procession as he denem on an ass, and while she talked to hand pointed to Joshua the guard case stoleo glance at the rings which had be alipped into his hand. His woodesty he only allowed him to expect slives, and I have at once assumed a friendly and centeous expression at the sight of their planing yellow glitter.

injunction, and Joshua raised his head and oried joyfully: "The words are a comfort to my soul; and if it is for the last time that we have met, wife of Hur, if I now go to my death, be sure that I shall know how to be steadfest and strong, even unto the end. And do you do all you can for my old father."

His countannees certainly darke again at the demand Kasana made, I brightened once more at a promise father."

Herewith he sprang on horseback, and as be made his way to Tania, faithful to his oath, his soul was free from tears, although he did not conceal from himself that be was riding forth to geat peril. His highest hopes were destroyed, and yet gind excitement struggled with the greef of his soul. A new and glorious emotion had its birth there, filling his whole being, and it was scarcely damped though he had suffared a wound cruel enough to darken the light of day to any other man. He had now a fixed